

## BLUE GRASS BLADE

FOUNDED 1884.

By

CHARLES HILTON MOORE.

and edited by him until his death, February 7, 1906.



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### WHY I DO NOT BELIEVE IN A GOD.

I do not believe in a god. First  
because our only authority for  
the existence of a god is the bible,  
and that bible is a myth, a work  
of fiction, which can be proven by  
the work itself.

If the bible was the inspired  
word of god he would have in-  
spired the author of the first book  
of Genesis with the truth about the  
formation of this world. In-  
stead, he states that god made  
this earth and all that is in it, in  
six days and rested on the  
seventh. Geology proves that this  
Earth was not created in six  
days. It took thousands of years  
to complete the formation up to  
its present condition, and the pro-  
cess of creation is still going on.  
It will continue to create as long  
as this sphere retains its present  
form and position among the  
planets of the universe.

Second. An all-wise, all pow-  
erful God, a creator of the uni-  
verse, would have known wheth-  
er or not this Earth had four  
corners. It took 1500 years for  
the people of God's creation to  
discover its true spherical shape.

If the Bible was the inspired  
word of God, Joshua would have  
commanded the Earth to stand  
still while he completed his in-  
human slaughter of men, instead  
of the Sun, as is stated in Joshua,  
10-12, when he said: "Sun, stand  
thou still upon Gibeon, and thou  
Moon in the Valley of Ajalon.

This is another proof that no  
god had anything to do with the  
authorship of that work.

Third. When God made Adam  
and Eve and placed them in the  
Garden of Eden, he also placed  
therein a temptation of evil in the  
form of a fruit tree laden with  
luscious fruit, commanding them,  
saying: "Thou shalt not eat of  
it." (Genesis 3:17.) Also, that  
"the day thou eatest thereof, thou  
shalt surely die." Then Satan  
appeared on the scene and told  
them that they would not surely  
die, but "become wise as we are."  
So Eve ate of the fruit and gave  
to Adam some of it, which  
he also ate. They did not die,  
but their eyes were opened and  
they became wise, just as Satan  
had said they would, which

proved God the falsifier. His  
Satanic Majesty spoke the truth.  
There are other reasons why I  
do not believe in a god, as fol-  
lows: If there was a God such  
as the one spoken of in the Bible,

he could and would make himself  
manifest to his children as he did  
in the days of Noah and all the  
other notable characters of that  
wonderful book called the Holy  
Bible; but instead, he only keeps  
himself hidden in mystery and  
doesn't even try to keep abreast  
of the times. He should, at least,  
give us something more to read  
about himself than old back-  
numbered Bible, which has so  
often been revised by those most  
interested in the doings of God  
and other mysterious happenings,  
which can in no other way be ac-  
counted for by the poor, en-  
feebled brain of the orthodox  
man. Why does God allow his  
people to suffer death at all?

Could he not keep them in perfect  
health and vigor throughout eter-  
nity if he so desired, and had the  
power allotted to him by the dif-  
ferent authors of the Bible? When  
mankind is spoken of as being  
saved, what part of him is being  
saved? If he is allowed to die  
first before being saved, his  
entire body is laid to rest under  
so many feet of earth and there  
he is left to decay and return to  
earth itself. What would there  
be left in the course of a few  
thousand years to resurrect? The  
answer is easy: Nothing. How  
foolish it all seems to think of  
man being resurrected at the end  
of the world's existence, which  
has never yet occurred, and as  
far as we know, never will. Fur-  
thermore, according to our most  
scientific astronomers, the Heaven  
of the Bible has so far never been  
located, and if such a place as  
Heaven did exist somewhere in  
the universe it would be impossi-  
ble for even a soul to penetrate  
the endless space into other  
worlds in search of a heavenly  
realm, because of the awful frigi-  
dity of our own atmosphere after  
leaving the Earth some five or  
six miles. It would necessarily  
have to be a very warm soul that  
would be able to withstand such  
an extreme temperature, and me-  
thinks but few if any will ever be  
able to walk the golden streets of  
the New Jerusalem, or play on  
harps of golden strings, or sing  
hallelujahs to God on the throne  
of everlasting life.

MRS. C. B. HAVEN,  
Carroll, Wyo.

### A LETTER TO FRIEND JONES.

Friend Jones:-  
\*\*\*\* Your contention that by pro-  
fessing Christianity, you are playing  
safe because if there is nothing in  
it, you have nothing to lose; on the  
other hand, you say you have every-  
thing to gain. This statement, in it-  
self, it seems to me borders on skep-  
ticism.

You are not quite sure, but like  
a drowning man, are grasping at a  
straw. The skeptical Mohammedan  
or Buddhist no doubt tries to console  
himself with the same kind of rea-  
soning. If he is right, he too has  
everything to gain, and in that case  
YOU as well as I, have everything  
to lose.

But the fact of the whole matter  
is, we are all creatures of supersti-  
tion, for which we are no more re-  
sponsible than we are for the shape  
of our bodies or the color of our  
hair. All our mental, as well as  
physical characteristics, are inherited  
from our progenitors. Ages and gen-  
erations of superstitious ancestors,  
beginning at a period of time when  
primitive man quit walking on all  
fours and begun to stand erect, and  
when his intellectual faculties had  
developed sufficiently to prompt him  
to look about, and wonder at the  
why and wherefore of things.

At first, he began to realize that  
the sun was probably the source of  
and certainly did maintain all life.  
So the sun naturally became the ob-  
ject of his adoration. But presently  
some of his fellows (the predecessors  
of the preachers and priests of our  
time) who no doubt possessed a little  
more cunning than the rest, and who  
then, as now, usually, "had their eyes  
on the main chance," began to get  
busy, and created an invisible god or  
gods beyond the clouds, as well as  
God's Right Bower, the Devil, to-  
gether with the necessary adjuncts—  
Heaven and Hell—and impressed  
upon our ancestors the necessity of  
being subservient to and worshipping  
this unseen and unknowable God or  
Gods. This belief has been profit-  
ably (for the priesthood) perpetu-  
ated, fostered and propagated. It has  
developed into a gigantic system,  
with many and various forms of  
superstition; but signs of its disin-  
tegration are much in evidence. It  
is beginning to dawn upon thinking  
people that the world is progressing

in almost everything except religion.  
There we have been at a standstill,  
if not actually retrograding, from an-  
cient sun-worship to the worship of a  
dead Jew, for instance, can hardly  
be called progress.

Of course, we all know that the  
adherents of every form of religious  
worship claim that theirs is the only  
simon-pure and bonafide God, and  
that theirs is the only true faith and  
worship which leads to salvation, and  
that all who differ with them in that  
opinion are heathens and infidels.

Practically the same opinions pre-  
vail among the minor divisions of  
the world's great religious bodies,  
each of the other. Observe how Catho-  
lics and Protestants abuse one an-  
other. The Protestant says Catholics  
are idolaters, and accuses that orga-  
nization of every crime in the calen-  
dar. The Catholic says to the Protestant,  
"You're another! Your  
preachers are humbugs, acting with-  
out any authority from on High, like  
that conferred on our priesthood by  
Christ Himself; and your religion is  
a fake."

We rank outsiders are forced to  
admit that in all this, both sides are  
adhering close to the truth.

This belief in the supernatural, as  
every reader of history must know,  
has at all times filled the world with  
misery and suffering. It has encom-  
passed man's brain for century after  
century, making human progress and  
advancement almost impossible, until  
now within our own generation, we  
might say we behold that religion is  
gradually loosening its hold on the  
human brain. Science is accomplish-  
ing wonders, and there is no limit to  
the possibility of human achievement  
if man ever shakes off the shackles  
of superstition entirely.

L. H. GROBER.

Vevay, Ind.

### MUSINGS No. 3.

(Series III.)

(By Otto Wettstein, S. S.)

Suppose a God, after attending to  
the affairs of animate and inanimate  
creation on this planet, would under-  
take a voyage on Halley's comet,  
soaring within its mighty orbit at  
the rate of 50 miles per second for  
seventy-five years, would the natural  
activities and evolutionary processes  
on this world cease or would every-  
thing go on without "Him" just as  
well?

Death can only be a calamity if  
personal life after the death of the  
individual were possible, but then it  
would not be death, but life. Hence  
what folly and falsehood to prate  
about the Materialist's fear of death!  
If he fears death, he is not a Mater-  
ialist, but a believer in the hideous  
nightmare that something terrible  
may happen to him after death.

Life may portend dangers, calami-  
ties, grief and pain.—Death never!

Gods, souls and spirits are creatures  
of the imagination. When put in the  
crucible of reason for analysis they  
evaporate.

Gods and spirits are vastly greater  
mysteries than nature and man.

Theists say: "You cannot explain  
nature without a God." You cannot  
explain God. We at least know na-  
ture to be a fact,—you know nothing  
of your God.

Spiritists say: "You cannot ex-  
plain the psychical functions of man  
without a soul or spirit." You cannot  
explain souls or spirits. We know  
man to be a reality,—you know nothing  
of souls or spirits. Unless you  
explain your "explanation", it is no  
explanation.

What is the use of putting "Christi-  
anity in the Crucible"? Let the  
learned men of our Universities put  
"Theism in the Crucible" and a final  
analysis will "Blast the Rock of  
Ages" and prove that all religions are  
the crudest product of ignorance and  
superstition.

What spirits have NOT done in the  
past and are NOT doing now, proves  
far more conclusively that they do  
not exist, than all the childish and in-  
sidious so-called "spirit phenomena"  
proves their existence. Has Beetho-  
ven given us a grander sonata, Mozart  
a more sublime symphony, Wagner a  
new opera, Liszt another rhapsodie,  
Shakespeare or Goethe greater dra-  
mas, Schiller, Bryant or Longfellow  
more beautiful poetry, or Ingersoll  
a brilliant post mortem lecture? Have  
we received a solitary benefit, practi-  
cal aid or new invention from the  
great dead? If not, why not? Spirit-  
ists claim that all these illustrious  
and talented men still live, that they  
can and do communicate with their  
surviving friends, and are interested  
in the welfare of humanity in general.  
Why, then, in the name of reason, I  
ask, do not these gifted immortals  
give us some unmistakable and prac-

tical evidence of their present exist-  
ence?

A liberal prohibitionist is as im-  
possible as a generous miser.

### ANY WAY TO CATCH 'EM!

Mixes Sunday Dancing and Preach-  
ing in Seattle.

"Seattle, Wash., Aug. 8.—I pre-  
scribed large doses of dancing and  
small doses of religion last night  
on the theory that it would be best  
to start off easily. In time I hope to  
equalize the two a little more," said  
Rev. Frank Herthum, pastor of the  
Union Christian Church of George-  
town, Monday.

The Rev. Herthum was speaking  
of the four hours of dancing and 15  
minutes of religious services at  
Dreamland rink, the largest dancing  
pavilion in the city, Sunday night.  
The idea of mixing dancing and re-  
ligion originated when the women's  
clubs of the city conducted a cam-  
paign which resulted in the closing  
of Dreamland on Sunday nights, but  
which place was re-opened. The  
evening entertainment began at 8  
o'clock with a waltz; a two-step fol-  
lowed; then Rev. Herthum was an-  
nounced. At the conclusion of a 15-  
minute sermon all joined in the  
Lord's Prayer, and the dancing con-  
tinued again until midnight.

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side," 19 jewels, \$21; "P. T. Bart-  
lett," 17 jewels, \$12.50; "625,"  
17 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$8; 7  
jewels, \$6.

Elgin: "No. 156" or "162," 21  
jewels, \$55; "Veritas," 23 jew-  
els, \$30; B. W. Raymond, 19 jew-  
els, \$21; "242," 17 jewels, \$18;  
"241," 17 jewels, \$12; 15 jewels,  
\$8; 7 jewels, \$6; "340" or "339,"  
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Cases: All the above in the new  
Thin Model Silverine Screw  
Cases. In Fay's, Crown or Deu-  
ber filled gold case, guaranteed  
by the manufacturers for 20  
years, artistic hand chased or  
plain, \$3, or hunting case, \$5  
more. In 25 year case, \$2 more  
than in 20 year case. In cases  
guaranteed for all time, screw, \$8,  
or hunting, \$10 more than in Sil-  
verine case. Prices of solid gold  
cases on application.

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and new from factory (no "shop-  
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Guage, and my tract, "The Ax  
to the Root," FREE. Highest  
price paid for old gold.

OTTO WETTSTEIN,  
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110 N. Kensington Ave.

Some clergymen would perse-  
cute like blazes if they could.  
Rev. R. W. Patterson, for in-  
stance, a Presbyterian minister,  
said recently at Philadelphia: "If  
I had my way I would have an  
executioner called in to deal with  
all heretics and blasphemers.  
Burning at the stake would be  
too good for those who revile re-  
ligion. "The growth of heresy is  
such that nothing but such meas-  
ures as this can stop it." Well,  
then, it won't be stopped; by  
Pastor Patterson will certainly  
not be able to "have his way."  
So, if he's satisfied, we are.

W. H. KERR, Great Bend, Kas.

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said by Irenaeus to have been fifty;  
and he comes to this conclusion from  
the remark of the Jews: "Thou art  
not yet fifty years old, and hast thou  
seen Abraham?" According to  
Luke, he was thirty-eight; to Mat-  
thew, seventeen; to Dionysius Exig-  
uus, thirty-three; the generally re-  
ceived age, according to Eusebius,  
thirty-one; to Jerome and Scaliger,  
thirty. Five other eminent authori-  
ties place him at 28, 29, 23, and 18,  
respectively; so that the so-called  
"Crucifixion" is somewhat uncer-  
tain and, and the difference between  
the ages given by Matthew and Luke,  
and the statement of the Jews, are  
hardly consistent with either "inspi-  
ration" or historical accuracy.

### DOG FENNEL

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Charles Chilton Moore.

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Lands on foot. Reaching Paris he gave  
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### DIDN'T LIKE COURSE DINNERS.

A colored woman, native of the  
south, had been working for a flat  
dwelling family of moderate means in  
the East end, but resigned recently  
to accept a place bringing higher  
wage with a wealthy family who  
lived in a large house on Euclid  
heights and have their dinner served  
in courses every night just as if there  
was company.

This colored woman had been  
brought up to put everything on the  
table at once, with the exception pos-  
sibly of the dessert, and did not take  
kindly to the course system.

A few days ago her former mis-  
tress met her on the street and in-  
quired how she liked her new place.  
"Oh, not very well," she replied. "I  
don't like this hyah way of servin'  
things in cou'ses. The's too much  
shiftn' o' the dishes fo' the fewness o'  
the vittles."

### She Was Encouraged.

"Was your story accepted?" asked  
the bosom friend.

"No," answered the struggling au-  
thor, who has hopes of selling some-  
thing before she dies, "but I think  
the tale made an impression on the  
editor."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the bosom  
friend. "Do tell me why you think he  
was impressed."

A tender smile flitted across the  
face of the encouraged author. "I no-  
ticed that the pages containing the ac-  
count of my hero's death were spotted  
with what looked like teardrops," she  
replied.

### Unsatisfactory.

"Arabella," said the anxious mother,  
"what in the world did you and Mr.  
Derox find to talk about last night?  
It was buzz, buzz, the entire eve-  
ning."

"Oh, we were talking about trusts  
and combines, mamma," replied Ara-  
bella, merrily, "but the conversation  
was not at all satisfactory to me."

"Why not?" queried the mother.

"Because," explained Arabella, "he  
talked about all the combines he  
could think of except the matrimonial  
combine."

### Patient Explanation.

"Something wrong with my right  
foot," said the man at the hotel  
counter. "Could you direct me to a  
good carpenter?"

"Excuse me," said the clerk, with a  
sly glance of amusement at the lady  
bookkeeper, "but of course you mean  
a chiropodist."

"No. I'm going to be patient with  
you, young man, and tell you I want a  
good carpenter. My right leg is a  
wooden one."

### WANTED TO SCATTER HER

### STAKES.

"Did you bet a kiss on the election  
with that girl you are sweet on?"

"I bet several kisses—one on the  
governor, one on the congressman,  
one on the—"

"How did you come to bet so  
many?"

"The one I made the bet with said  
she didn't believe in putting all her  
eggs in one basket."

### The Summer Girl.

She cut quite a figure on the ice

And now she cuts one on the beach

in her bathing suit each day.

### Not Encouraging.

The lady tourist (timidly)—Are all  
your passengers seasick during the  
voyage, captain?

The Captain (tolerantly)—There are  
exceptions.

The Lady (brightening)—Many ex-  
ceptions, captain?

The Captain (turning away)—I ain't  
seen any for several voyages.

### Made a Difference.

Little Willie—What is logic, pa?

Pa—Logic, my son, is your line of  
argument in a controversy.

Little Willie—And what is sophis-  
try?

Pa—The other fellow's.

### Valued Results.

"Was your garden a success last  
year?"

"In some respects," replied Mr.  
Crosslots. "I got some of the best fish-  
ing worms out of it that I ever saw."

### Not an Attractive Deal.

Diggs—I see that the Chinese want  
to borrow a billion dollars.

Wiggs—Say, I'd hate to lend it to  
'em an' then have to take it out in  
laundry work!

### A Definition.

An optimist is one who would rather  
believe that everything is all right  
than know the truth.—Lippincott's